*The.* This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

*Lyſ.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

*Hyp.* Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

*The.* His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

*Enter* Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

*Prologue.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow.
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The trusty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his trusty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt,
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine,

*The.*